

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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As we are compelled by law to pay postage in advance on papers sent outside of Ohio county, we are forced to require payment on subscriptions in advance.

All letters on business must be addressed to JOHN P. BARRETT, Publisher.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—have services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Saturday night preceding. W. P. Bennett, pastor. M. E. Church South—Services third Sunday in every month. W. W. Cook, pastor. Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Ben James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro. A. L. Martin, Clerk, Hartford. H. E. Marshall, Master Commissioner, Hartford. C. W. Phillips, Sheriff, Hartford. Deputies—W. B. Hunter, Hartford; T. F. Taylor, Beaver; D. M. Cooper, Fordville; S. L. Falkner, Hagg's Falls.

Court begins second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

CRIMINAL COURT.

Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Cloverport. Hon. Joseph Haycraft, Attorney, Owensboro. H. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.

Court begins on first Mondays in April and October and continues two weeks each term.

COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford. Hon. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford. J. P. Sanderson, Attorney, Hartford.

Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begin on the first Mondays in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begin on the first Mondays in January and October.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell. J. Smith Phillips, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs. Jas. H. Bevel, Coroner, Sulphur Springs. R. P. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 1
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 2
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CROWNSVILLE DISTRICT—No. 3
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 4
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 5
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 6
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 7
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 8
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 9
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 10
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 11
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 12
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 13
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 14
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

CLARK DISTRICT—No. 15
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CLARK DISTRICT—No. 16
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CLARK DISTRICT—No. 23
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CLARK DISTRICT—No. 24
H. B. Hattall, 1; J. A. Murray, 2; J. P. Sanderson, 3; J. A. Murray, 4.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 3.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY, DEC. 26, 1877.

NO. 51.

For the Hartford Herald.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

Alas! alas! the old year,
You, too, must die and disappear.
All finished is this earthly task—
All ready, too, thy money casque.

And waiting is thy faithful nurse
To bear thee, in Time's mournful hours,
From all the pleasures of thy day,
Unseen of mortal eyes away.

Good luck, to many, thou hast brought,
To many, direful evil wrought.
Kings have quarrelled, fought and wrangled,
And each other's subjects mangled.

Till darkest rocks might well cry out,
And find excuse for honest doubt,
That God, in justice, ever meant,
That darkest tyrants might repent.

And find reward of joy and love,
That all this wickedness and shame,
In due length of Religious Week,
At last behest of Royal Croak—

But this, indeed is not the blame,
That all this wickedness and shame,
In due length of Religious Week,
At last behest of Royal Croak—

That some have plucked the fragrant rose
And left the thorns to pierce their foes;
That men have flourished, while they lied,
And women's higher sphere denied.

For spirit did breathe the youthful brow,
With garlands pure and sweet, I trow,
As when each well-adjusted clime
Moved from the plastic hand of time.

Now, dear Old Year, farewell forever;
For, never "gather at the River,"
For, lost on earth, and lost in Heaven,
Art thou, old Year, dying seventy-seven.

FRAGMENTS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF OHIO COUNTY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BY H. D. TAYLOR.

John H. McHenry was the son of Barnabas McHenry, one of the first Methodist preachers that crossed the mountains to preach the gospel in the western wilds.

John was raised in Washington county, and studied law with his uncle, Martin D. Hardin, a very distinguished lawyer of Frankfort.

He distinguished himself in the law, and commenced the practice of law in Litchfield, but having been appointed commonwealth's attorney for this district would be his chances of success, and he would never encourage him to go to law if his cause was an unjust one; his fees were always reasonable, and he never refused to render services to any one too poor to secure him a fee if he thought the cause a just one.

As a private citizen, he was beloved and esteemed by all the better class of the community. Hospitable and obliging as a neighbor, kind and sympathizing to the sick and afflicted, liberal almost to prodigality to public or charitable purposes or enterprises—

He was looked upon and consulted as the leader in all measures of that character.

As a politician, he, perhaps, met with better success than most men of his stern, inflexible adherence to the right, although he knew that some popular delusion would overwhelm him with defeat.

He was elected to the State Legislature, to the convention which formed the new Constitution, and one term to Congress, all of which offices he filled with respectability, dignity and honor.

His removal to Owensboro was almost universally regretted by the citizens of Ohio county.

At Owensboro, after lingering for years in feeble health, life's sun set in a clear sky, leaving not a cloud or vapor to dim the love and esteem of the many who knew him long and well.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fordville Items.

A few more days of good weather and the industrious farmers in this vicinity will be done gathering corn.

Tuesday evening the 11th inst. Mr. R. P. Rowe, our worthy school Commissioner, was in our midst and delivered a very able lecture. He is speaking in the interest of the common schools, trying to arouse the patrons and have built good and comfortable houses, instead of the now dilapidated and uncomfortable log cabins.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Robert Miller and mother, who live near Pellville, spent several days in this vicinity this week, visiting relatives and friends. Mr. Miller is a very intelligent young man.

Mr. J. T. Smith and J. H. Megan returned from Louisville, last Wednesday. Miss Townsend, an accomplished young lady of your town, who is teaching near Fordville, will close her school next week.

Prof. Porter closed his writing school at Fordville last week, to the satisfaction of all his patrons. By request I visited his school, and listened to the able explanations given by the Professor. Those wishing to study penmanship would do well to attend his school for a term or two.

Miss Mary Wedding, a very interesting young lady of Sulphur Springs, is at Fordville now visiting her brother, Dr. Wedding.

We are glad to learn that Elijah Cooper, our deputy Sheriff, is able to ride again.

Mr. R. T. Trueman expects to raise some rice next year. Many of his friends tell him the climate won't do, but he seems determined.

Mr. P. H. Haffey's bedfellow hasn't yet returned with his waistcoat. I guess he will take Christmas in it.

A debating society was organized last week at the Fordville school house. The attendance is large, with many able speakers. Dr. Benjamin F. Mitchell was elected President, and Mr. J. J. Midkiff, clerk.

THAT GOOD.

The Fordville "Joke" is still on hands, if that Island Station fellow wants him, just send his address and the "Joke" shall come forth with marked G. O. D.

Written for the Hartford Herald.

A CHRISTIAN STORY.

BY GRAYSON CARL.

All day the rain had descended in a continual torrent, and now toward night-fall, a drizzling mist, spread itself over the bleak landscape, casting a chill on the spirits, only dispelled by a glance into the interior of farmer Whitley's comfortable sitting room.

It was Christmas eve, and in spite of the inclement weather, a merry group of youngsters had gathered together, to celebrate the Christian holiday in the old-fashioned Kentucky style.

John Whitley was a well-to-do farmer of Grayson county, and having no children of his own, it was his chief delight to see those of his neighbors enjoying themselves. Thus on every favorable occasion, his hospitable home, was opened to the dance or frolic, whenever it pleased the young folks to inaugurate one. But with all his keen appreciation of enjoyment, and thorough goodness of heart, there was a shadow resting over the home of honest farmer Whitley, that was the one dark spot on his otherwise cloudless horizon.

John Whitley was not always childless. At the commencement of the late war, an only son, then a promising youth of eighteen, contrary to the wishes of father and mother, had joined his fortune with the Confederate cause, and only once had the anxious parents heard from him. It was after the disastrous battle of Fort Donelson, that a paroled Confederate soldier, brought the news that young Whitley had been severely wounded in the fight; but as to his whereabouts at that time, he was in complete ignorance.

Leaving everything, John Whitley succeeded in getting inside of the Confederate lines; but after a three months unsuccessful search, the father returned, bearing no tidings, to soothe the spirit of the heart-broken mother.

The cheerful fire burned brightly, and the merry party of youngsters were enjoying the cakes and cider provided by their kind hostess. John Whitley sat in the chimney corner enjoying his corn-cob pipe; while opposite to him sat Katie Duval, the daughter of his nearest neighbor. Katie had been the betrothed of Charlie Whitley before he had joined the army; and now at the age of twenty-eight, she was still single, although numerous suitors had pleaded for her hand.

People whispered that the old love was too strong to let her marry anyone else, and for the lost Charlie's sake, she was always remain single. Gossip, in this instance, was not far wrong, for Katie Duval's heart was buried in the unknown Southern grave, where rested the form of her youthful love, and as the years went on, and the conviction became general that Charlie Whitley was certainly dead; the last hope died out of the heart of Katie Duval, and she determined to devote herself to the happiness of Charlie's aged parents.

Thus she was a constant visitor at the Whitley's, until she was looked upon as a something indispensable to the happiness of the old couple.

While the young folks were enjoying themselves, Katie sat looking steadfastly into the fire, her thoughts far away from the merry groups that surrounded her. At length John Whitley having knocked the ashes out of his pipe, remarked in a low subdued voice: "It is just fifteen years to-morrow, Katie, since Charlie left us."

A tear sparkled in the eye of the woman as she re-echoed the latter part of the sentence. "Fifteen years!" and setting herself into the same position, she again relapsed into silence.

Fully ten minutes were passed in this manner, when Mr. Whitley, broke the silence by saying in an assumed cheerful voice: "Katie, why don't you join the young folks? See, they are about to join in a dance, and Henry Thompson is looking anxiously towards you. I just know he would like you for a partner, the best kind."

"No, no, uncle Whitley, please do not ask me to assume merriment, especially on this night, with all its sad memories," replied the girl.

John Whitley did not press the subject and when Henry Thompson had plucked up courage sufficient to ask Katie to be his partner in the dance, he excused her by saying: "I believe Henry, you will have to find another partner, as Katie is engaged to me, for this night, and I know she does not feel like dancing."

The excuse was sufficient and the gallant suitor, to find an unengaged damsel willing to accept him as a partner. Old uncle Dan, the colored fiddler, had struck up one of his best tunes, and the couples were all in position, ready for the word of command from their colored prompter, when a loud knocking outside, arrested the proceedings. Every eye was turned toward the door, which being opened, revealed the presence of a stranger, muffled up in a great shaggy overcoat, and wearing a broad brimmed hat, which nearly concealed his features.

The dance was postponed, and the dancers took their seats, in silent expectation, for the arrival of a stranger, in this out-of-the-way place was an occurrence of no ordinary nature, and thus the full, in the midst of the contemplated enjoyment.

Stepping inside, the stranger cast his eyes around the assembled company, when they rested for but one short moment, on the face of Katie Duval. That one glance was sufficient, for with a cry of recognition the woman sprang from her seat, and in another instant was in the embrace of the stranger. Such an unaccountable conduct on the part of one so much reserved as Katie, created

no small amount of surprise to those who knew her timorous disposition so well; but their surprise was turned into joy, when the stranger, advancing towards John Whitley and his wife, stretched out his arms, while only the two words, "Father! mother!" escaped his lips. They were enough, recognition soon followed, and the lost Charlie Whitley was clasped again to the hearts of his aged parents.

In all this broad land there was not a happier party than that assembled at John Whitley's last Christmas Eve. After the excitement had in a measure subsided, Charlie being seated side by side with Katie Duval, the youngsters joined in a request that he would tell them his adventures, from the time he left home. The dance was forgotten, much to the disgust of uncle Dan, who had bedecked himself in his holiday attire for the occasion, and declared, "It was too bad for a ditty to tote a fiddle fash mile, and not use it!" although he was glad "Marse Charlie wasn't dead, nor nuffin, but come home to always live wild de ole folks."

Charlie honored his young friends with an account of how, being wounded, he was taken prisoner after the Fort Donelson fight, and sent to one of the Northern prisons, where, being well cared for, he soon recovered, and under favorable circumstances effected his escape. Getting afraid of being recaptured, he shipped under an assumed name, on a merchant vessel from New York city, bound for Australia. Leaving the ship at Melbourne, he made his way to the gold fields, and after several years of hard work, he found himself in possession of a snug little fortune, with which he resolved to return to his native land. But fortune was adverse to his inclination, for in doubling the Cape of Good Hope, the ship was wrecked, and everything he possessed was lost.

Not despairing, he made his way to Cape Town, where the excitement of the diamond discovery was then raging; and there, in the diamond fields of Southern Africa, he searched for the precious stones, until the fickle goddess again favored him with the largest find ever made in that country; and now, with the proceeds of his success, he was again among those his heart had longed for, through all the weary years.

There was a wedding last May at John Whitley's, and Katie Duval looked ten years younger, when Charlie Whitley clasped her to his breast, and swore "to love and cherish until death do us part."

John Whitley says he is going to enjoy this Christmas Eve, and has invited nearly half the county to partake of the good cheer and fun. He has also promised uncle Dan that he may now on the fiddle until he wears the strings out, for he wants to see every one as happy as he is himself.

Proposed Change in Reference to the Collection of the State Revenue.

THE MERRITT BILL.

Last week some mention was made in this paper of a draft of a bill prepared by Mr. Merritt, providing for radical changes in the present method of collecting the State revenue.

In compliance with the promise then made the main features of the bill are published below.

The bill is entitled—"An Act to create the office of Tax Collector, and to regulate the collection of State, County and School tax, and other public dues."

Section one creates the office of Tax Collector, and requires that all public dues shall be paid him at the county seat, or at such other place as he may designate; makes it the duty of the Tax Collector to visit each magisterial district at least once for the purpose of collecting the revenue. He shall give due notice of the time of said visit.

Section two provides that the Tax Collector shall be elected as the Sheriff now is, hold office for the same time, and execute the same bonds.

Section three provides that the Tax Collector shall receipt for taxes, and register amounts collected in a tax-book, to be kept for that purpose.

Section four makes it the duty of the Tax Collector to furnish on the first Monday in September, to the Constables of each magisterial district a certified statement of the taxes unpaid and due from residents of said districts. Said certified statements to have the force and effect of an execution from a Court of record. Constables receiving said statements may detain sufficient personal property to pay taxes, costs and commissions.

Section five provides that the statement may be placed in the hands of the Sheriff for collection, provided there is no Constable, or in case he fails, or refuses to execute the required bond.

Section six provides that each Constable shall execute a bond, with approved security, to the Tax Collector for double the amount of the unpaid taxes of his district.

Section seven requires that Constables and Sheriffs pay over to the Tax Collector all taxes collected on or before the first day of January next ensuing after receipt of statements.

Section eight provides that the Tax Collector's receipt shall be payment to Constables and Sheriffs from the taxpayer.

Section nine makes the compensation of the Tax Collector eight per cent on all sums up to \$5,000; six per cent on all sums above \$5,000 and up to \$10,000; four per cent on sums above \$10,000 and up to \$15,000; and two per cent on all sums above \$15,000.

Section ten fixes the compensation of Constables and Sheriffs at 50 cents for each levy, and 5 per cent, commission on amount collected to be paid by taxpayer.

Sections eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen and fifteen provide for the time and manner of settlements to be made with the State by the officers above mentioned, and the penalty for their failure.

Section sixteen. The Collector to report lands of delinquents, and have same power to sell lands as Sheriffs now have. Section seventeen. Owners of land sold for taxes to have same right of redemption as now. Failing to redeem, Tax Collector to convey, by deed, said property to purchaser, and purchaser may obtain possession of same in same manner as if purchased under execution. Should sale be set aside, purchaser to have a lien for amount of taxes paid by him, with interest thereon at the rate of 30 per cent, per annum, and the same shall remain an incumbrance thereon in favor of purchaser.

Section eighteen. Penalty of 5 per cent added on all taxes unpaid on the 1st day of January.

Sections 19, 20, 21, and 22 relate to the powers, rights and duties of Tax Collector.—Henderson Reporter.

Legal Advertising.

We clip the following very sensible editorial from the Clark County Democrat and ask its careful perusal by all our Legislative brethren who chance to see it: "Many efforts have been made to secure the passage of a bill through our Legislature providing for giving notice to the public of sales made by Sheriffs and in pursuance of decrees of Court. Such a law exists in all the States whose people are progressive and awake to their own interest. Every sensible man who offers his property for sale publicly, advertises the time and place in the newspapers as well as by handbills. What would be thought of a man who would sell his farm or his house at auction with no further notice than a little piece of bad chirography stuck up at the courthouse door? And yet valuable property belonging to infants, widows and helpless insolvents is constantly sacrificed under these circumstances. We know an instance that occurred last court-day in which land in this county was sold under a decree of the Estill Circuit Court, without notice such as anybody could see. We have in our mind's eye another case in which property that cost \$3,300 was sold for \$700, because nobody interested had a chance to be present. We could enumerate many more instances of the same kind. A few years ago, property said to be worth \$15,000 was knocked off at our courthouse door for \$100. Certainly these things suggest a necessity of a change. The coming Legislature will be asked to pass a law which will protect those whose property is disposed of by process of law. They are not able of themselves to advertise, and the officers cannot afford it unless the law gives them authority.

From Island Station.

ISLAND STATION, KY., Nov. 10, '77.

Editor Herald.

SURE ENOUGH.

In my last, I said when I wrote again I expected to tell of a wedding. It did take place a few weeks ago—Mr. Wm. Patterson to Miss Alice Crumbacker. But I was like G. Quill, had lost my card and could not go. May their path be strewn with roses without any thorns!

IMPROVEMENTS, &c.

Island Station is improving some. There is a good blacksmith shop, running two forges, conducted by Mr. B. I. Shacklett, who is a good workman and a nice man. Mr. Wm. McKown has just finished his new wood-shop, where he will be prepared to make wagons, buggies, &c. Mr. Brown has completed a nice dwelling-house for Mrs. Wright. Dr. Hudson and Mr. Humphreys have set up a new dry goods and drug store. Mr. Enoch Brown, who has been in the grocery business here for some time, is going to Point Pleasant to engage in the same business there.

A RETURNED CONVICT.

Compton, who was sent to the penitentiary from this county last January, for stealing money from Hon. R. E. Humphreys, has returned.

RELIGIOUS.

Dr. W. P. Bennett preached a powerful sermon Sunday, on Christian Negligence, which he is very able to do. The protracted meeting, which was expected to begin last Saturday, was postponed until Friday before the second Sunday in January.

STOCK SHIPMENTS.

There have been several car loads of stock shipped from this station since last date. These were three last Saturday, and will be two or three next Saturday. Leland, how is base-ball now?

QUIN RIDES.

Col. Young and Lieutenant Bullis, who have been chasing Mexican greasers for three weeks on the "sacred soil," have got back to Fort Clark with unbraided scalp. Their "invasion" of Mexico brought out some vigorous Mexican cursing.

The Republican party in North Carolina, the Raleigh News says, is now "the mere shadow of its former self." But such a shadow! Of a substance so dense with villainy, the shadow must be blacker than midnight.—Courier Journal.

If England is present for men in the war she is about (probably) to undertake, she can call on Canada, which has a fine militia organization of 600,000 men, ready for duty.—Courier Journal.

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I look upon it as a settled fact that we will have an Association, therefore let every teacher be preparing essays, speeches, papers, and lectures, upon his favorite subjects, and let us start off all right.

I have been asked if lady teachers could be admitted members of the Association. I am an old man and a married one, but the whole thing, though I have labored so much for it, may go to the dogs for all of me, if they do not attend and take part. Ladies, are you in favor of this movement? Won't you attend? Please let me hear from you. There will be no interest in it without you.